

Farley, Roland.

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1892-1932

ROLAND FARLEY

Brooding light which saw not, and yet saw
What eyes saw not that needed light to see,
And thought which was all eyes, and made of
 life
Sound, and of inner light made thought and
 song.
Sight sphered in darkness, even as an urn which
 shut
From the soul's candle winds of the lawless
 night,
And left the soul's candle dreams burning in a
 calm
As a star protected in the bowl of night.
What one of you, Spoon River, grieved for me.
Rejoiced not in my gift for light denied?
Saw not my heaven for my sunset sea,
Nor knew my heaven and my sea were one.
One splendor and one secret sensed afar?
That light and thought and sound are one in
 some
Sphere where no eyes are, and no need of eyes!

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

From The New Spoon River Anthology

*Autobiographical Notes

I was born in Aspen, Colorado, March 17th, 1892. My parents were among the earliest settlers in that village, having journeyed west from Albany, N. Y., in 1878.

My father was exactly half of Scotch and Irish blood, while my mother is of long American lineage, in which several strains crossed, but English seems predominant.

The accident which caused my blindness took place when I was five years old. This, briefly was how it happened.

My mother who had just finished washing and dressing me in my Sunday best, was seated with me on the veranda. Some errand called her into the house, and while she was gone I spied a "Jenny," in the vacant lot opposite. The Jenny, a she donkey, had a most fascinating colt with her, and of course I did the obvious thing: ran over and began petting the colt. The mother, apparently startled by my sudden appearance, lashed out at me, and one of her hoofs smashed my right eyeball, and came very near to killing me.

Aspen was and is, a tiny village in a remote part of the state, and the only medical man there, was of the country doctor variety, capable of coping with almost any ailment, but of course the eye requires the services of a specialist, and our doctor was general. By the time, therefore, that travelling with me to Denver was possible, the damage had spread from the right eye, and although that orb was then removed, I was left with only the perception of light.

That accident had an almost equally powerful effect upon my sister Ruth, for from that hour, she became a little woman, whose chief responsibility in life was to look after me. I have a wonderful and devoted mother, and two other sisters who love me, and are loved by me, dearly, but even my mother felt hardly more responsible than the baby sister Ruth. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Ruth's life has been determined—conditioned as I believe the psychologists say—by that kick, as much as my own. No account, no matter how sketchy or brief, of my childhood and young manhood, would be in any way comprehensive, without telling of Ruth's share in it, and of our spiritual growth together. We, to a very remarkable extent, during those formative years, created each other.

From the time of my accident, until at the age of eight years I was

**In February 1932, at the request of The Musical Review for the Blind, published in Paris, Roland Farley typed these autobiographical notes.*

sent to the State School for the Deaf and the Blind, Ruth and I were inseparable. The plan of these remarks does not permit of a detailed account of those years, or, for that matter of latter years.

I can quite well remember my impression during those first days of school. My oldest sister, Gertrude, had taken me on the train, from Victor—where the family was then living—to Colorado Springs, where the school is situated. There was of course much weeping at that parting, and although it was not quite clear to me why everyone was so unhappy, it was sufficient to know that they were, for me to become equally miserable.

There was something of that gloom remaining when Gertrude and I arrived at the school, although she had valiantly endeavored to dispell it on the way, and had managed very well as far as I was concerned, by purchasing various fascinating articles from the dispenser of refreshments.

The parting with Gertrude was even more desolate, for she had at least been a link, but now that was gone. However, I must confess that I was not disconsolate for long. Something novel and exciting occurred to banish the black mood: I found myself surrounded by a number of boys of my own age, who were extremely interested in me and I in them. It would be edifying and interesting, I think, to go into this episode in some detail, but again, the contemplated length of this tale must be considered. Suffice it to say, that in no time at all, they knew everything about me, and I about them. They knew the number and ages of the various members of my family, my father's occupation—he was a carpenter by trade—how I was fixed in the way of worldly possession,—wardrobe, cash on hand etc.,—my prowess in battle, and much more. I am reported to have boasted on that occasion that I could talk Eytalian. It is not unlikely, that spurred on by so attentive an audience, I made many interesting claims for myself. That is a human tendency which often outlasts childhood.

Learning has never been irksome to me. Indeed, the continual acquiring of more knowledge, is one of the few pleasures of life which never cloy. Accordingly, schooling was a delight to me. To be able, by means of feeling dots on paper, to tell oneself stories, was altogether thrilling. Ruth had already long before this, begun to read to me in her still baby lisp, and of course my mother and father had read to us both, but to be able to read to oneself was a new and exciting experience.

Last year, while the blind were holding their convention in New York City, a lady, who had been a schoolmate of mine, visited me. In talking of those days, I was shocked to hear her say that she remembered

the Colorado school with nothing but bitterness, and had almost no pleasant recollections of the years spent there. Perhaps it was different with the girls, but for myself, I recall my twelve years in that institution with something akin to tenderness, and a wistful sadness that those days can never be relived. I know the school only as it was twenty years ago; what it has since become may be quite different.

It is situated on a hill at what was then the eastern edge of Colorado Springs. The campus was said to be the most beautiful in the entire state. There were acres and acres of perfect lawn, many trees, and lovely flower beds dotted all over the place. We rolled, wrestled and played games on the lawns, which seemed only to improve them; we charged headlong into trees, and damaged them none at all, and though we inadvertently trod in the flower beds, the gardeners contrived always to keep them perfect. I remember the Colorado flowers, and especially the wild flowers, as being the most fragrant and beautiful of any I have known in all my travels. The climate of Colorado is justly famous for its salubrity and loveliness, and in Colorado Springs it is at its best. One could scarcely conceive of a more ideal place in which to spend childhood and youth.

In my time at the school, the daily activities were scattered among several buildings, so that from class room to practice room, thence to work shop and meals, involved walking in the fresh air, whether one would or no. These trips I always made without hat or overcoat, regardless of inclement weather, and colds were then unknown to me. I required no such necessity as the one mentioned, to get me out of doors. I spent all of the time possible in the open, and there was enough time to spend thus—particularly on Saturdays and Sundays.

For some reason, they did not start giving me piano lessons until I was ten, and violin instruction began two years later. Organ came much later, as there was no organ until about 1908, I believe.

Literature was already a passion with me, and music became another. In the vacation times, I would have every member of our large family reading to me. It was not unusual to have six books in the process at one time. As the various readers got exhausted, I, who never got exhausted listening, would impress a fresh amanuensis and push on. I could tell each reader in exact words, the last sentence he or she had read in the previous session, no matter how many other books had intervened, so to speak, in the meantime.

Ruth, however, poured more words into my insatiable ear, than anyone of my willing workers. My father, who was a selfmade scholar of no mean ability, had collected the kind of books he liked, and they were

the books that we read, as private libraries were at that time about the only source of reading. My taste was therefore formed, and my young mind guided by only the finest of authors.

Ruth was also drafted to serve my other passion, music. I was not content to allow the three summer months to pass, without continuing my explorations into the new and marvelous wonderland. Ruth, who had also begun the study of the piano, read new pieces to me, and prepared me for my lessons with Joseph Gahm, piano, and Hans Albert violin. They were both excellent teachers—much better than those at the school—who, because of the salubrious climate already referred to, lived in my home town, Victor. They were more stimulating than any teachers I have had, and I now realize that it was they who gave me the conception of music as the greatest art. I had previously thought of it as a fascinating game, and a wonderful means of entertainment, but they showed me how great and simple souls approach this art which transcends all earthly things, with true reverence, akin to religious awe. I could feel how it absorbed their whole life, and how they in turn absorbed so much of its beauty as to have it shine forth in their personalities. They were both gentle, kindly men whom dogs loved. Hans Albert in particular was always followed by stray dogs where ever he went, and he managed to feed them if he had to go hungry himself. While he gave me my lesson, the dogs—always three or more—would sit solemnly on the porch and wait for him to reappear.

The teachers at the school were not self forgetful devotees of this glorious art; they were merely average music teachers. What a difference that is! However, my own enthusiasm and the impetus given me by my summers with Gahm and Albert, carried me along. In this connection, a memory which comes to me may be interesting.

We had a small orchestra at the school, in which, at that time, I played second fiddle. Soon after returning to school after my first summer with Hans Albert, the orchestra was summoned to play for the superintendent and members of the board. Hans Albert had corrected my method very noticeably; that is, where formerly I had held the violin almost against my stomach and slightly to the left, I now held it well up and toward the right. The superintendent noticed this position, which was in marked contrast to the other fiddlers' way, and made an issue of it. The result was that the school violin teacher was obliged to admit that the others were faulty, and he proceeded to rectify the fault. I might add that the superintendent who was a native of Kentucky and as such, familiar with the mode of country dance fiddlers, was certain to begin with, that I was wrong.

The years passed pleasantly. I looked forward to the beginnings of

the vacations, and with equal eagerness to the reopening of school. Until the last year or two spent there, there were always better performers in music than myself. They were, to be sure, older, but I cannot claim to have been in any sense a musical prodigy. My talent,—at least as far as the faculty were judges—seemed to be in mathematics. I was frequently called upon to give public demonstrations in that science, such as standing on the platform with state senators who had journeyed from Denver to report on the school, and snapping back answers to their questions regarding interest on sums of money etc. For the most part, I had, even in my tender years, delved much deeper into arithmetic than these august gentlemen, but occasionally one would propose a problem in square or cube root. On one occasion I was sent to Pueblo, Colorado to occupy a booth in the state fair, and like the oracle of Delphi, was expected to answer the problems of all comers to my hole. This exhibition annoyed me mightily, and I would frequently make deliberate mistakes to show it. It must not be inferred that I am still above the average in mathematics. I loved the study, and particularly algebra, but I have made no effort to continue it, or to keep brushed up on what I knew.

It is very gratifying to me to be told, as I frequently am by my friends, that I have none of the characteristics usually associated with blind men, and that in my presence they forget that I cannot see. I forget it myself, and that is probably why they do. There were certain of the pupils at the school who had these characteristics in an unpleasantly marked degree, which, with the cruelty of children, laid them open to much teasing and unkind criticism. Many of the boys had some vision, and they would expose to the rest of us, the unfortunate habits of blindness in others. I was early resolved to have none such, if I could avoid it. I studied myself carefully to this purpose, and associated as much as possible with seeing people. In the school itself, my intimates with only one exception, had practically perfect sight. My ear was always a better medium for conveying impressions to my brain, than my fingers, and I continued to develop it; knowing that once beyond the help of special methods for the blind, my mental progress must come through the ear by the use of other people's eyes. All of my music, and practically all of my lessons were read to me by the boys who could see, or by others.

However, I read all of the various systems of raised letters fluently, and have from time to time derived pleasure from books borrowed at the New York library. Nevertheless, if there is one message which I would impress upon blind children more than all others, it is, do not become a slave to fingers, for they will fail you! Make use of them of course, for you must make full use of every single faculty you have left, to compensate as far as may be, for the loss of perhaps the greatest of all, sight. In my own experience, the combination of an attentive ear and a retentive memory has worked well, and has substituted in all important matters for sight itself. Perhaps I should not qualify that statement with the adject-

tive, important, for in relatively trifling matters the combination is useful. For example, in going to a room or house where I expect sometime to return, I make a mental note of the distribution of the pieces of furniture, which serves me when I do return.

I had more than my share of flirtations. I found that at least in my case, blindness was no handicap here—God bless the dear girls. I merely mention this in passing, as an important phase in any young man's life, and not lacking in mine by reason of blindness. First sweethearts, and then my wife, carried on the work that my sister Ruth began, of leading me spiritually by the hand through the beautiful world of the sighted, and telling me all that they saw as we went along. The importance of women to artists is well known, and I think that their services to blind men are even greater. I smile when people think of me as blind, who have always had more beautiful eyes at my disposal than I could make use of.

It was decided, about a year before my graduation from school, that I was to go to Leipzig, Germany, to continue my musical education. With this in mind, and having no German course at the school, I began having private lessons with the German teacher of the Colorado Springs high school, Mrs. Rheinhart. As it fell out, Mrs. Rheinhart was planning to visit Germany the summer after my graduation, 1912, so we went together. She got me safely and comfortably placed in a pension in Leipzig, among some of the dearest people I shall ever know, and then continued her trip. These charming people—representing many different countries—made my two years in Germany so smooth and pleasant, that I cannot recall one occasion in which I missed my sight. There was always someone free to do whatever I needed done, and no services were ever given with so much love and enthusiasm. All of the music which I had to learn—and it was voluminous—was read to me by various students in the pension, and I never paid a cent for this help, and had I offered to do so, would have only given pain. There was also writing of exercises for the harmony and counterpoint classes, which they did for me. Services so rendered are of the spirit, and must be paid in the same coin.

For a blind boy to travel to a foreign country, half way around the world, and there to make shift for himself among strangers, seemed quite an undertaking. Ruth was equal to meeting and banishing all doubts as to whether or not it was feasible. Largely through her firm conviction that it was the right thing for me to do, and also through the financial assistance which she,—then already teaching—was able to give, my study in Germany was made possible.

We have been separated for years at a time, in the flesh, but never in spirit, and have always maintained a regular correspondence of a weekly letter.

It was inevitable that Ruth should eventually devote herself to the work for the blind. She is now giving to other blind children in Los Angeles, that spiritual and intellectual guidance, which when herself but a child, she gave to me. There is no one living, I believe, who has spent so much of his or her life in the work for the blind, as my sister Ruth, for she began in infancy and has never stopped.

I entered the Royal Conservatory at Leipzig in the fall of 1912 and received my certificate of departure in the spring of 1914. It had been my intention to continue the study of both violin and piano, but I decided to concentrate upon the piano, and the study of harmony, etc. Joseph Pembauer was my piano teacher, and Gustav Schreck in theory. There were besides lectures on the history of music, the opera, and so on, which had their place in the examinations.

While still at the school in Colorado I made a tentative beginning at composition, commencing a cantata which I never finished, and doing several songs which I did not have written down, and have since forgotten. I did however, keep a male chorus which we boys organized independently of the teachers, supplied with numbers. My arrangements were made as follows. A wealthy lady of Colorado Springs had presented us boys with a Victor phonograph and many records. Among these were several songs done by solo voices. From listening to the records I memorized the words and melodies of these, and then proceeded to arrange them for our quartet. My two outstanding successes in these were, as I remember, "Believe Me," and "Ye Banks and Brays of Bonny Doon."

In Leipzig I continued composition more earnestly. Among the songs composed there is a setting of Tennyson's "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal," for three part womens' chorus. That song is now in print, but the others of that period have not yet been published, although not inferior in merit to many of my later compositions.

The Conservatory was a temple, where the Deity which Gahm and Albert had taught me to worship, was enshrined. I do not know how many students it numbered then, but I know that we all ate, drank, dreamed and lived music, day and night, in and out of season. I recall few conversations upon any other theme. It was one sided to be sure, and I confess that my general reading fell sadly behind during those years, but it was not entirely neglected. Fraulein Schroeder, the pension's Mutter, gave me a daily German lesson, and with her, I was soon delving into the German classics in their original tongue. We managed to cover the field pretty comprehensively, as the lessons often went far beyond their stated limit.

At the end of the first year, I appeared in concert at the Conservatory. The students who had progressed sufficiently to play without giving pain to the auditors, were permitted to do so in lieu of the customary examinations. I was terribly nervous—a misfortune which I never have got over—and although in such a state that I hardly knew what I was doing, I was told that the sonata—Beethoven's opus ninety—went well. For my graduation, I had prepared Rachmaninoff's concerto in F sharp minor, but through some difficulty connected with obtaining the orchestral parts,—which at that time were still unpublished—I did not perform it publicly.

After leaving the conservatory, I went to Berlin, and continued my piano work with Ernest Hutcheson. I was lodged and boarded in a delightful apartment kept by a widow, Frau Jaeger and her son Hans, with whom in the summer of that year, I made a walking tour from Munich to Venice over the Austrian Alps. Upon the day of our return from that trip, the war broke out!

After three weeks, during which time my parents made frantic efforts to get money to me, and equally frantic efforts to get Secretary Bryan to fetch me home, and a night in the guard house under arrest, I was sent on a special train with other Americans to Rotterdam and embarked steerage for my own country.

I was again most fortunate in having a delightful travelling companion in Charles Mackey, a fellow student. We managed after three days in steerage, to get transferred to first, and spent the remaining days of the voyage very pleasantly.

There was naturally much rejoicing on all sides when I returned home. After six beautiful months, surrounded by my very happy family, I was off again for New York City, to continue my lessons with Mr. Hutcheson, and here, except for short vacations, I have remained ever since.

My efforts thus far had been chiefly concentrated upon the piano, but the muse of composition had a way of interrupting now and then, so that by the time I got married, in 1918, there was a sizeable accumulation of songs and piano pieces.

Huntzinger and Dilworth, a firm which has since dissolved, were the first to publish a song of mine, "Oh, Mother My Love," in the spring of 1918. This song was introduced by Anna Case (now Mrs. Clarence Mackay) and has been used in most of her recitals since. In July of that year I was married to Elsie Sloan, whose love and devotion and help have been the most wonderful things in my life. Her phenomenal success as

an interior decorator, has enabled me to devote myself entirely to composition, without the necessity of making it profitable. However, the royalties on my songs, both from the publishers and the Composers, Authors and Publishers Society, amount now to a good annual income, sufficient to stamp me as a musician, an economic success.

The song of mine which has enjoyed the greatest popular success, and that undiminished over a period of ten years, is, "The Night Wind." It is a favorite in the repertoire of almost every soprano, among whom may be mentioned, Rosa Ponselle, Frieda Hempel, Anna Case, Luella Melius, Nina Morgana, Martha Attwood, Jeanne Gordon, Queena Mario, Barbara Maurel, etc., etc.

As yet, my published compositions are all songs, with the exception of one small piano piece, "A Sketch." I have however, composed much piano music, some violin music, among which is a sonata, also a cello sonata, a suite for small orchestra which was recently given a premiere by the Bamberger little symphony on Station WOR, also a suite of five Chinese Poems for voice and little symphony, which is to be done by the same ensemble, a quintet for piano and strings, now in process, and miscellaneous works, such as choral pieces, a song for voice, viola and harp, etc. etc.

Thanks to the fine people who have come into my life; my family, my friends and my wonderful wife, thanks to generally good health and a strong constitution, thanks to varied interests and work that I love, and all the blessings of life which it has been and is my good fortune to enjoy, I am very happy, and look forward to continued happiness and productive years.

We have a lovely apartment on East Fifty Seventh Street, New York City and a perfect home in Dutchess county, New York.

—O O—

A PRAYER

I am glad that I was born, whole of body and mind, healthy of morals and soul; that the woman who mothered me, and the man who fathered me, were clean-blooded, decent folk, stemming from the great of the race, the peasantry. I am grateful to them for giving me life, with all its varied sensations; of rapture and sadness, sorrow and joy; for childhood, when I played and was care-free, for youth, when I dreamed and was foolish, for manhood, with its work and achievement, and for old age with its wisdom and memories.

And to the great unknowable, whom some call God, and others, Destiny, I return thanks for the fullness of my life and its richness of purpose; for the friends who have come to me, some from a distance, for affliction which chastens and deepens, for work to do, and the will, strength and talent to do it; but more than all, I return thanks to the Unknowable for the woman He has sent me, with her boundless love, redeeming and completing me.

ROLAND FARLEY



Roland Farley went to his maker on May 11, 1932.

ALL SONGS
OF
ROLAND FARLEY
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NEW MUSIC PRESS, INC.

CATALOG OF SONGS

BY

ROLAND FARLEY

WITH

BRIEF DESCRIPTIVE NOTES

NOTE: The New Music Press, Inc., recently organized with the intention and for the purpose of publishing and encouraging the best in contemporary American music, has bought the copyrights of all of Roland Farley's songs, excepting "The Night Wind," from G. Schirmer, Inc., and will publish all of Mr. Farley's works in the future.

FOREWORD

Roland Farley was born in Aspen, Colorado, in 1892. The first twenty years of his life were spent in that state and his musical training was begun there.

In 1912, he went to Leipzig, Germany, and enrolled in the Royal Conservatory of Music in that city, remaining there for two years. After receiving his diploma, he became a pupil of Ernest Hutcheson then residing in Berlin. The outbreak of the war obliged both teacher and pupil to leave for America where they continued their association for two years, in New York City.

Besides the piano, Mr. Farley has studied violin and pipe organ and, of course, theory of music.

The first of his songs to be published was "Oh, Mother, My Love," issued by Huntzinger and Dilworth in 1918. It had good success and is still widely sung. Anna Case has used it in hundreds of recitals and also made an Edison record of it. "The Night Wind," published in 1918, is Farley's best known song, having found a place in the repertoires of all of the leading sopranos and contraltos in this country and abroad. It has become a favorite with such singers as Frieda Hempel, Rosa Ponselle, Anna Case and so on and on.

It is hoped that the following list will serve to give an idea as to the songs with which the reader may not be familiar. Many of them are already well known and are often found on the programs of the leading recital and radio singers everywhere.

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A Broken Song
A Lark Went Singing
A Song Cycle—Five Chinese Songs
At Sunset
Canzonet
For a Day and a Night
God's Own Smile
Gypsy Kin
Lawyer Brown
Let It Be Forgotten
Love Is So New
My Songs To You
Nocturne
Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep
October End
Oh Mother My Love
Only In Dreams
Pipes of Pan
Spring Is Singing
Stars That Are Steadfast
The Daisies
Then and Now
The Night Wind
Through a Mist of Tears

Twilight Is Coming
Wind Flowers
An Irish Mother's Song
I Am the Still Rain
Indian Serenade
Let Us Drift and Dream
Lullaby to the North Wind
Seaward
Summer Day
The Moon
The Night Wind
The Road Song
The Tides
When We Two Parted
Winter
Wind Flowers
4 Part Chorus (Male Voices)
 Indian Serenade
 Requiem
3 Part Chorus (Women's Voices)
 Be Lost In Me
 Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep
Quartet for Mixed Voices
 The Night Wind

NAME ADDRESS.....
CITY STATE

Songs for Soprano or Tenor with Piano Accompaniment

(Songs marked * in both following lists, are suitable for medium voice.)

A Lark Went Singing

This poem is by Ruth Guthrie Harding. It brings a message of courage in despair and despondency. "He hears no answer, but the weary lark, still sings and lifts a song to meet the dark."

The song is in E flat major and is purely lyric. The vocal range is from E flat to G and offers no technical difficulties, requiring only a well controlled lyric tone and poetic feeling.

At Sunset

The poem is by Madison Cawein. It is the "Over the hills and away" refrain which many poets have sung. Over the hills lies "Love's kingdom of long light," to which he longs to go with his love.

The music is delicate and fragile, requiring a pure lyric voice and careful shading. The song is in the key of E major with a vocal range from F sharp to G sharp.

* Canzonet

This charming poem is by Oscar Wilde. It might have had the same title as Marlow's poem "The passionate shepherd to his love." The shepherd regrets that he has nothing to offer but his songs, but naively reminds his love that "Woodland girls have loved the shepherd's note." He bids her pluck a reed whereon he will perform for her.

The song is in D minor. A characteristic piper's melody played by the right hand alone—first as if close

at hand and then as though echoed or answered from afar, forms the introduction and sets the mood and scene of the poem. This melody is again heard in the postlude, although it is not used in the body of the song itself. It is melodious throughout and in keeping with the text, lyric and plaintive. The vocal range is from D to G.

For a Day and a Night

The poem is by Charles Algernon Swinburne. "Love can but last with us here at his height, For a day and a night." As the quotation indicates, the mood is light, whimsical and cynical. It pictures an ideally perfect love episode which, however, lasted only twenty-four hours. It is in Swinburne's most fascinatingly artificial style; a masterpiece of musical word combinations and Swinburnian rhyming.

The music is in character, waltz rhythm, light, brilliant and melodious, though purely lyric. It is in C major and the vocal range is D to G. The accompaniment makes a delightful piano number played by itself.

God's Own Smile

The poem is one of Robert Browning's masterpieces. It tells of a world which was exceedingly drab and uninteresting, until glorified by God's own smile, "That was thy face!"

A very successful use of counter melodies is shown in the music. This treatment is noticed throughout, with the further interest that the melodies respectively used for singer and piano in the opening section are reversed in the return or closing section. It is in A major; it is a brilliant and rousing song ranging in the vocal part from E to A. Most effective as a climax number.

Gypsy Kin

The poem is by Alice Garland, and is a woman's song. One whose "Life is delicate, silken bound," has fallen in love with a gypsy man with rings in his ears. She retails her charms to him, contrasting her fair loveliness with the "Swart skinned maid" whom she suspects him of caring for. This is a most effective soprano song, offering scope for more than voice alone. The music is brilliant and colorful, having a vocal range from F sharp to B. A splendid climax song.

Lawyer Brown

The poem is by John Saxe, said by many critics to be the wittiest poet of America. The lawyer woos the maid by explaining that he is the cleverest and richest man in town, while she is the prettiest and should be the best dressed, and finally that Johnny Hodge is "An awkward clown." We gather, however, that Johnny is nevertheless her preference.

The music is unpretentious, being merely a fit vehicle for the humorous verses and as such, highly successful. It is in G major and ranges vocally from D to G. Appropriate for sopranos.

*Let It Be Forgotten

The poem is by Sarah Teasdale, and the title is the cry which is characteristic of the song. It does not tell what is to be forgotten but one knows there is much that can never be forgotten.

The range is from E flat to F.

My Songs to You

In this song, of which the verses as well as the music are by Roland Farley, he dedicates all of his songs to his wife.

It is lyric for the most part although the ending is very dramatic. The song is in A flat major with a vocal range from G flat to A flat.

Nocturne

The poem is by Roland Farley. It is a happy love song, with a beautiful summer night for a back ground. The song is in E flat major with a vocal range from F to G. It is a quiet lyric song full of moonlight.

*Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep

This is a very simple setting of the little prayer that every English speaking child knows. It can be sung by anyone, amateur or professional. It is in G major, and in the character of a lullabye. D to E is the vocal range. (For ensemble arrangement, see choral compositions.)

October End

This hauntingly lovely poem is by William Allis Norris. The lovers recall beautiful memories of beautiful summer days, while around them is now heard only the autumnal sound of "The click of leaf on leaf." The song opens dramatically with the passionate urging "Make the most of this late sun light!" The summer memories are told in a lyric melody of great beauty and the falling of autumn leaves is suggested in a monotone. A flat major is the key and the voice ranges from E flat to A flat.

*Oh, Mother, My Love

The poem is by Eugene Field. Unlike most lullabyes, for it is in the nature of a lullabye, the child sings to the mother. The child invites the mother to take his hand and wander with him in a dreamland whose delights and beauties the child describes.

New Songs

by

ROLAND FARLEY

For high and medium voices

Love Is So New

A Broken Song

A Chinese Song Cycle

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435 Park Avenue

New York



The music is in a swaying six eight rhythm, lyrical and melodious, quaintly childlike. It is in G major and the voice ranges from D to F sharp. It is suitable for almost any voice.

*Only in Dreams

The verses as well as the music are by Roland Farley. It is a very simple song of wistful sadness, offering no difficulties for singer or accompanist. The love which was once very real, lives now "Only in dreams." The music is in F major and the vocal range is E to F.

Pipes of Pan

The poem is by Arthur Guitermann. It begins "I love, you love, we love"—and goes on to explain that all creation loves because Pan's piping inspires love now, as it did in the beginning of the world. This is an excellent coloratura song in C major, ranging from E to G.

*Spring is Singing

This is a poem by James Stephens, in his quaintest and most inimitable manner. "Spring is singing for herself—What the deuce am I to do?" He feels that being a professional singer, he should devote his services to Spring but finds that Spring can get on very well without such help.

The music is bright and lilting, with A major for its signature and with a vocal range from C sharp to F sharp. The song is always sure to provoke smiles and interest. It is based on the pentatonic or five tone scale, characteristically Celtic.

*Stars that are Steadfast

The poem is by Zoë Akins. It is a passionate love song although there is not one mention of love in the poem.

It is love which exalts the beloved and humbles the lover. "You are the surge of deep music; I but a cry."

The song is in F minor. The first section is tranquil, and the second flowing and slightly agitated and the song closes with a well sustained climax on the line quoted. The vocal range is from F to F, with an optional A flat at the end.

The Daisies

The poem is by James Stephens, having the rare delicate charm so characteristic of his poetry. It is love at its happiest. "I kissed my dear on either cheek, in the bud of the morning — O!" Like two happy children, they walked hand in hand in the "Field where the daisies are."

The music is rather Irish in flavor, lilting and tuneful, light and bright. It is in D major, with a vocal range from D to G.

Then and Now

The poem is by Rennell Rodd. It tells of a world once rapturous and beautiful, now sad and dreary. The former time was "When we were together."

The music sets these two very different moods in even more stark and vivid contrast than does the poem. After an introduction which is like a tender improvisation, the voice enters with a sweepingly joyous theme, described by the word "Ecstatically." A rather long interlude denotes the passage of time and shades the contrasting moods. The second section is befittingly dirge like. The song is in F minor, the voice ranging from F to A flat.

*The Night Wind

The poem is by Eugene Field. It tells how the wind used to scare you when you were little, what it seemed to be saying and what you said.

Brilliant coloratura or contralto song, in A minor and C minor. The vocal ranges are in A minor, A to E, C minor, C to G. "The Night Wind" may also be had in an arrangement for three part chorus of women's voices with piano accompaniment and for mixed quartet with or without accompaniment. These are very useful ensemble numbers. (For ensemble arrangement, see choral compositions.)

Through a Mist of Tears

The original title of the poem is "Seen through a car window." It is a description of a rapidly shifting panorama which brings memories of another landscape scene, now viewed through a mist of tears. The poem which is by Ruth Guthrie Harding, is of rare lyric beauty and superb workmanship.

The music is in the key of D minor, the vocal range being from D to G. The opening section is quiet and meditative. The middle section rises to a passionate cry of longing, returning to the peaceful sadness of the first mood, and closing softly.

Twilight is Coming

The poem is by Joseph Quinn, rather mystical in feeling. It is a very effective love song. The key signature is C major and the vocal range E to A flat. The song offers no unusual difficulties.

*Wind Flowers

The poem is by Christina Rossetti. It is in a sad mood as are most of her poems, but like them, beautiful. Its keynote is futility. Speaking of the flowers, she says: "I twist them in a crown today, but tonight, they die!" The music expresses the sadness of things that must perish and a passionate protest that it is so. It is very dramatic. The key is B flat major, ending in the minor of that key. The vocal range is from D flat to G flat.

Songs for Contralto or Baritone with Piano Accompaniment

(Songs marked * in the following list, are suitable for medium voice.)

An Irish Mother's Song

The poem is by Joseph Quinn. It is a case so common among Irish mothers. She is left alone in her old age and lives in memories of "Mine absent and mine own." The poem is so sadly tender and wistful as to bring tears to the heart if not to the eyes.

The music is conceived as a simple Irish folk song, being also based on the pentatonic or five tone scale, characteristic of the folk music of many lands. It is in C major with a vocal range from C to E.

*I am the Still Rain

The poem is by Sarah Teasdale. She yearns for the fulfillment, the completeness that love can bring. "Oh, be for me the earth!" "Oh, be for me the sky!"

The first section is almost hymnlike in breadth and solemnity, demanding a full, beautiful tone. The second is brighter and eager with passionate longing, sweeping

to a majestic ending. It is in C major and ranges vocally from C to E.

Indian Serenade

The poem is by Percy Bysshe Shelley. It is a passionate, Oriental love song, shot through by melancholy, not sadness. The lover protests "I die! I faint! I fail!" when he really has no such intention. The poem is among Shelley's greatest and best known.

The music is very melodious and Oriental in flavour, interesting throughout and with a big ending. It is in A minor with a vocal range from C to E.

*Let Us Drift and Dream

The poem is by Roland Farley. It is a happy, lyrical love song, ending with a convincing "I love you, I love you!" It has a nocturnal background.

The music opens in six eight rhythm, in the manner of a barcarole—the lovers are in a boat on the lake. It changes to a quicker three eight time and broadens finally to a sweeping three four. A most effective number with, however, some difficulties for the accompanist. It is in D major, with a vocal range from D to F sharp.

*Lullabye to the North Wind

The poem is by Robert Gordan Anderson. The storm rages without, but it is powerless to harm the "Little one" inside. The parent defies the wind's strength to endanger the child.

The music marks the contrasts of the storm's violence with the peace and love within the small house, the latter being characterized by a lullabye effect. It alternates from E minor to E major and has a vocal range from E to E.

*Seaward

The poem is by Roland Farley. "Take me home to sea" is the keynote of the poem. The river, whose destination is, of course, the sea, is invoked to carry the sea lover with him to the tryst. One hears the unbroken ripple of the river's current throughout the accompaniment. It is in G minor and ranges vocally from D to F.

*Summer Day

The poem is by Edgar Lee Masters. This is the only one of the Farley songs where the words were inspired by the music. Mr. Masters, hearing what was intended to be a piano prelude, was stirred to write words to it. The music suggested a languorous summer day to him. The verses describe such an afternoon, lazy, voluptuous, perfect. This forms the setting for a love poem, quiet for the most part but rising to a passionate episode with the line "And now our hearts brim, like a golden bowl, with the wine of love and death."

The song is in B flat major, the voice ranging from C to G flat. While tranquil for the most part, the dramatic climax toward the close is well sustained and most effective by contrast.

*The Moon

The poem is by William Davies. It is a love song to the moon. "Thy beauty makes me like a child who cries aloud to own thy light."

The music is elusive and delicate as moonlight. A haunting melody is twisted and woven throughout. The musical device known as imitation is used. The song is in C major, with a vocal range from C to E.

The Night Wind

Lower key—for descriptive note, see the preceding list.

The Road Song

The poem is by Madison Cawein. It is boisterously optimistic, as is the music. "We'll soon be out of the hollows, My Heart!"

It is for broad, full tone, demanding little in the way of shading and subtleties; just a rousing song of cheer and courage. It is in D major, ranging vocally from D to D.

*The Tides

The poem is by Eugene Field. The tides are used metaphorically, the ebb tide being the absence of the beloved, and the flow, the return. Desolation characterizes the first mood, while joy of heart and beauty of creation mark the second.

The contrasted moods are accentuated strongly in the music. One hears the monotonous advance and retreat of the surf, with a reiterated E like a bellbuoy. The effect is very mournful. This feeling is carried into the interlude and ended there. After a brief pause, a lilting six eight announces the birth of a new day and new world. At the end, the germ theme, so effectively used for the opening dirge is used again, now as a leaping joy, which dances into the postlude to a crashing close. The song of despair is in E minor while that of gladness is in E major. The voice ranges from E to E.

*When We Two Parted

The poem is by Lord Byron, one of his greatest. It describes the last tragic parting and ends "If I should meet thee, after long years, How should I greet thee? In silence and tears."

The setting is appropriate. It expresses a noble sadness, colored with passionate remembering. It is in F sharp minor with a vocal range from C sharp to E.

Winter

The poem is by Shakespeare, from "Love's Labour Lost." It is perhaps the most familiar of his "Songs." It tells of winter in merry old England. No touch is lacking to perfect the picture; one is transported back through the centuries and sees "Milk comes frozen home in pail." A word masterpiece by the master of words.

The music is rollicking and jocose. The piano carries the melody with the voice in the first section, and in the second imitates it as in the style of the round song so popular in Elizabethan days. The call of the owl is heard in the song and again at the close. It is in E minor ranging vocally from B to E, particularly suitable for baritone voice.

Choral Compositions

Be Lost in Me

This is the well known poem by Alfred Tennyson which begins "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal." It describes a beautiful nocturnal scene and closes with a tender passionate appeal "Slip into my bosom and be lost in me."

The song is in B minor, for three part chorus of women's voices with piano accompaniment; it is peaceful and nocturnal in feeling. In the introduction, one hears an octave F sharp reiterated like the angelus bell and there is a similar effect in the postlude. The song is tranquil throughout with, however, more intensity at the close where the mood changes to one of passionate pleading.

Indian Serenade

The poem is by Percy Bysshe Shelley. It is among his greatest. It is a passionate Oriental love song, mystical in feeling.

This is for a four part chorus of male voices, with piano accompaniment. The piano introduces the opening melody in a charming prelude after which the full chorus enters. The middle section is composed of a tenor solo and a baritone solo, when again the full chorus enters and sweeps to a fortissimo close.

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep

This is a setting of the well known prayer, arranged for three part chorus of women's voices, with piano accompaniment. It is extremely simple and melodious.

Requiem

The poem is by Robert Louis Stevenson. It is inscribed on his tombstone — "Under the wide and starry sky, dig the grave and let me lie, etc."

This is for male quartet or full male chorus, without accompaniment. While especially suitable for funerals, the song is good for ensemble singing generally.

The Night Wind

The poem is by Eugene Field. It tells how the wind used to scare you when you were little, what it seemed to be saying and what you said.

It is arranged for trio—soprano, mezzo and contralto or full women's chorus, with piano accompaniment.

It is also arranged for a mixed quartet—soprano, contralto, tenor and baritone or full chorus with or without accompaniment.

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FARLEY, ROLAND.

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